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pretty hands
 Shall have new powers; when what but
 pleases now,
 Shall all beholders charm: Oh! then may
 you
 Be greatly good, as you are pretty now;
 Each find a lover, worthy of loving you,
 Worthy of being lov'd; so may you live
 Then happy, as you now are innocent.
London.

D.

THE CHRISTIAN'S JOURNEY THROUGH LIFE.

THE Christian, while life's journey he
 pursues,
 A stranger and a wanderer appears,
 But still in prospect as the end he views,
 It serves to dissipate his anxious fears,
 The glorious end its beauties doth display,
 And to the faithful traveller smooths the
 weary way.
 Though storms, perhaps, assault him on
 his road,
 Internal peace will break their utmost
 force,
 His eye once fix'd on Heaven's secure
 abode,
 No tempest can arrest him on his
 course;
 Steady, by faith's unerring light he steers
 His devious course along this vale of tears.
 Even from afflictions he finds cause for
 joy,
 They urge him forward, and his loiter-
 ings chide,
 They tend self-love's allurements to de-
 stroy,
 Which oft the soul from Jesus would
 divide;
 If he has labours, they are "those of
 "love,"
 And every grief is sunk in hopes of joys
 above.
 When storms disperse, and skies no
 longer lower,
 Our steadfast traveller does not slack his
 speed;
 Prosperity has not the magic power
 To make him deviate in word or deed;
 He knows his master's business must be
 done,

By watchfulness and care the heavenly
 prize is won.

Yet still he does not churlishly refuse
 To taste the sweets presented as he goes,
 But careful not the blessings to abuse,
 He grateful thanks the hand which good
 bestows;
 Enjoys the comforts Heaven to him has
 lent,
 Nor, if they are refused, gives way to
 discontent.

With an observing eye he looks around,
 And what is beautiful or grand admires,
 If aught or strange or wonderful is found
 Into its nature curiously inquires;
 His master's wonder-working hand he
 sees,
 In earth, sea, air, in herbs, and flowers,
 and trees.

His fellow-travellers with love he greets,
 Enjoys their pleasures, and their sorrow
 shares.

If any wandering from the path he meets,
 He aids with counsel, and they have
 his prayers;
 He helps the helpless, soothes the sinking
 soul,
 And firm resisting stands 'gainst vice's
 dire controul.

His Master's great example still he makes
 The rule of life; and where weak nature
 fail,

The holy spirit's powerful aid he takes
 Against those enemies who oft assail;
 In vain the world its tempting baits dis-
 play,
 His shield of faith turns Satan's fiery darts
 away.

At length we see him at life's utmost
 bound,
 His journey over, and the prize in view,
 Nor death nor hell can his firm soul con-
 found,
 He finds his Saviour's promise just and
 true;
 Jesus for him disarms the horrid king,
 "Where is thy victory, grave?—death
 where thv sting?"

LYDIA.

ANCIENT LITERATURE.

ON PROPERTIUS.

I HOPE that the following account
 of Propertius will not be consider-
 ed a presumptuous attempt to over-
 throw the character of a well known

poet, but rather as an honest endeavour
 to justly appreciate a man, whose works
 have in my opinion been strangely over-
 valued. A numerous class of beings cal-
 led commentators, whose usefulness every